The Unitarian Calendar

A man should stand among his fellow men as one coal lies in the fire it has kindled, radiating heat, but lost in the general flame.

—Emerson.

Vol. 6 APRIL — 1914 No. 8

OUR NATIONAL SOCIETIES

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION

Founded in 1825.

The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.

Address correspondence to the Secretary. Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.

Address contributions to the Treasurer, Henry M. Williams.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY

Founded in 1827.

Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.

Address correspondence to the President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.

Address contributions to the Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

THE ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN

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Address contributions to the Treasurer. Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes. 11 St. John St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION

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Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."

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Address contributions to the Treasurer, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

NATIONAL LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN LAYMEN

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Promotes an increasing participation in the works of the local churches and in the affairs of the denomination at large.

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President, John Mason Little.

Vice-Presidents, Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D. and Mr. M. T. Garvin.

Address correspondence to the Secretary, Mr. E. S. Forbes. 25 Beacon Street.

The Unitarian Calendar

Vol. 6. APRIL, 1914. No. 8

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS

SAMUEL R. CALTHROP, L. H. D.

Paul was right. The whole question of man's resurrection is solved, if it was the real, living Jesus that he saw. The belief that it was the real turned him from darkness to light, from a hinderer to a helper, from a persecutor to an apostle. The belief that it was the real Jesus who appeared to them turned the poor little distracted band of Galilean fishermen into heroes and guides. They and Paul together changed the aspect of the world. To us the priceless value of the teachings of Jesus—those teachings that solve the moral world, and give to man the law of his life—must ever be held supreme, superior to all things external to them. But I think that we should have never heard of the Sermon on the Mount, had it not been for the passionate faith of the early apostles in the rising of their Master. This it was that gave them the courage, the victorious tone which carried them through so much, which made them treasure and preserve those matchless sayings themselves. For my part I do not think that their courage was born of illusion. I believe that Jesus after his death was able so to manifest himself to his poor bereft disciples as to fill them with a sense of the reality of his appearing, and to give them the strength to go on with the work he had begun. It was a tremendous responsibility to take. Such rending of the veil between the two worlds should never be made, save for gravest cause; but Christendom has justified the deed. Millions on millions of wounded hearts have been consoled and

strengthened. Such strength of conviction in the reality of the life after death has been engendered that it will carry mankind over the dead-point of doubt which was sure to come when once the logical understanding began to awake.

Meanwhile, let the logical understanding work bravely on. In the end its truth will be seen to be in accord with all other truth. But for a season yet mankind must in this great matter still live by faith, —faith in God, faith in all the God-given faculties of man, faith in the divine revelations which come through these faculties. Thank God, to us our beloved dead are not asleep, but broad awake in the full day of heaven, their feet forever busied in running on blessed errands, their eyes not resting with closed and weary lids, but beaming love on all that crave and need that love. When a grand pulse of recognition comes to our hearts in the hour of vision, let us lift up those hearts to that vast human heaven where the good and wise and true and tender dwell,

"and trust
With faith that comes of self-control
The truths that never can be proved,
Until we close with all we loved
And all we flow from, soul in soul."

A CHILD'S PRAYER

Father in Heaven, on bended knee,
A little child, I come to Thee.
For life and parents, health and food,
For home and friends and all things good,
I give Thee thanks, and humbly pray
Thy help to make me good alway.

—*Nevil N. Evans.*

THE BODY INVISIBLE

T. GRAFTON OWEN

We shall be as sensible of a body after death, as we are sensible of the presence of our natural bodies in a dream of the night. In the dream world we never suspect that our bodies are not with us. Oxygen and hydrogen are both invisible until they unite. O, the mystery of matter! When I see chlorophyl and sunbeams conspiring together to weave a beautiful body for the soul of a rose, I know by the same interactive and co-operative process matter and spirit shall unite again in hypostatic union.

"I stay my haste, I make delays.
For what avails this eager haste?
I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face."

Although the new body cannot report itself to the eye, as the eye is now organized, it shall be a BODY in perfect harmony with my wants and environments. Again I am constrained to say, O, the mystery of matter! Nor shall I have to leave the atmosphere of this dear old earth to find the new body, any more than the rose shall seek its new life and beauty in some far-away planet. Not "yonder, worlds away," but HERE, "where the strange and new has birth." In these sweet Easter hours while the soft south wind blows down this way, we shall again see nature's resurrection, and "survival of the fittest." The great spiritual world is no longer conjecture nursed by a timid faith, but it is a demonstrated fact wrested from the white heat of chemistry.

Under this grand reign of law

"The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

THE SPIRITUAL OUTLOOK

FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY

Here is the threatening peril of this as of every age. You may hear people warning you against the tendencies of the time in philosophy, or science, or theology, as if the worst thing that could happen was some fresh outlook of the soul, some new Jerusalem, some change in the heart's loyalty. But the real peril of the age is not in finding some new outlook. It is the possibility that among the engrossing interests of modern life there shall be no outlook at all; no open window of the mind, no holy city of the soul, the shutters of life closed, the little things crowding out the great ones, and the soul all unaware of the sunshine and landscape which lie at its very door. That is the materialism from which any life might pray to be set free, the practical materialism which curses American life,—the shut-in, self-absorbed, unspiritualized, unhallowed life, the life without ideals, the windows toward Jerusalem closed and barred, and the man within so busy that he has no time to look out to any distant tower of a sanctifying thought.

Now, into this kind of life, absorbed, self-interested, over-burdened, religion comes with its peculiar and precious gift. The first thing which religion does for many a weary and hemmed-in life is not to give it an absolute conviction, or a stable creed, but simply to open the windows that look out upon a larger world. With all the incompleteness of your intellectual convictions or your moral decisions, this at least has come to pass,—that you are facing the right way and across the sterile details of your daily life are able to lift up your eyes to the distant hills of holiness and reverence and love.

The fearful unbelief is unbelief in thyself.

—*Carlyle.*

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

C. T. BROOKS

A few years after Channing's death, a distinguished Methodist brother, in one of the most magnanimous and intelligent tributes to his memory (though finding Channing "such an anomaly among Unitarians as Fenelon was among Romanists," too pious for a Unitarian and not enough so for a Methodist), went even so far as to say: "Such a man as Dr. Channing must have stood majestically in advance of his age, whenever and wherever he had lived. He lived, according to the sense of the present generation, at least, in the best age of the world, and yet was far in front of it; if it reaches his radiant position in two centuries, the signs of the times are certainly quite illusive." So wrote Dr. Abel Stevens, in the "Methodist Quarterly," of January, 1849, and closes his paper with these still stronger words: "As the visitor wanders among the shaded aisles of the western part of Mount Auburn, he sees a massive monument of marble designed by Allston, the poet-painter. Generous and brave men from whatever clime resort to it, and go from it more generous and brave; for there reposes the great and good man whom we have commemorated. The early beams, intercepted by neighboring heights, fall not on the spot; but the light of high noon, and the later and brighter rays of the day, play through the foliage in dazzling gleams on the marble,—a fitting emblem of his fame; for when the later and better light which is yet to bless our desolate race shall come, it will fall with bright illustration on the character of this rare man, and on the great aims of his life."

Life is neither a pain nor a pleasure, but serious business, which it is our duty to carry through and conclude with honor.

De Tocqueville.

TOUCHED BY THE ETERNAL

JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN

There are gentle and normal ways, as well as those that are violent and abnormal, which deeply affect the mind by the presence and touch of what I have called "The Eternal." Here, for instance, is a story which I find very touching, cut from a New York paper. It is of a young girl who had led a life of shame and misery, with increasing horror and repugnance, drowning her remorse from time to time in drink. "But one night," says the narrator, "I was taking her home after she had been on a terrible spree, when all of a sudden, in a dark block, she sank right down on her knees on a flagstone in the pavement, and vowed to be a Christian, and to lead a good life; and from that night she has (done it), and every year at the anniversary night she goes to that spot, and kneels on that flagstone and renews her vow." "That poor girl," he goes on to say, "going on pilgrimage once a year to a flagstone on the east side, and there, in darkness and silence, renewing her vows to God on the spot where His grace smote her down as it did Paul on his way to Damascus, is just as real and literal as the dialogue of two witty people in a drawing-room, and to many of us it seems to furnish a type of theme better worth a master's touch." I do not ask you to accept any theory whatever by which this experience is to be explained. Think as you will of sudden conversion, and interposition of Divine Providence in human life. I only ask you to look at the fact; and then you may put it in any phrases which you think describe it better than those that I have quoted. What you are to notice is that *that is how religion grows* in a certain class of minds, and under certain conditions. It was the case of an ignorant, poor, probably superstitious, and what most people would call a vicious girl, if not irredeemably lost. But at that one instant—to use the best phrase I can think of—she stood "face to face with the Eternal;" and from that instant she was saved.

LIFE'S CONSUMMATION

The spirit of man looks forward to conditions of felicity which this life was never intended to afford. Here is the place of birth, the place of doubt, of pain, of mental agony; it is the place where one generation labors that another generation may come forth, and the endless succession of human beings be thus continued forever. And what real happiness comes, what joy, what gladness in the cup of life, is incidental to the main issue and is the fruit of spiritual transcendency over opposing forces! Incidental also to the rough conflict which man wages against the elements of dissolution is this glimpse of the "bliss beyond compare" which he knows to be the natural dower of the human soul. Forward then, the week of toil being over, he sets his gaze. All is fresh with the glad premonitions of the coming daybreak, which is soon to steal over the darkness of the life of sense. He casts away all those vexatious cabals into which his intellect once plunged with resistless impetuosity. Questions which once absorbed all the energies of his mind and gave to his mental life that exhilaration which it once needed for its devotion to duty, he now regards as the toys and playthings of spiritual infancy. His sorrows annoy him no longer, for they have been his mysterious angels in disguise,—entertained against his will, that he might find the place of rest and be *at home with God.* Passion is over, hate is done away, doubt disappears, fear has fled; the aches and pangs of remorse have served their purpose, and are no more. He has struggled for immediate ends within his range of vision, but now sees that he really labored for ends that lay beyond the reach of his imagination. He was led by a way that he knew not, but thought he knew. And so he has proved his soul while he imagined that he was only caring for his body. All things have conspired to lead him; the child-faces, the sweet homes, the vistas of

youthful romance, memories brought forward into after years, the admonitions of conscience, the appeals of nature and of art, the charms of music, the sense of responsibility, the yearnings for knowledge, the disgust of satiety, the anguish of grief, and the gleams of hope,—all have conspired to lead him to this "Sabbath rest." And now, blessed assurance, he is no longer an outcast, no longer a wanderer over the rough plain, no longer a seeker after the light, for the Light bursts upon the near horizon. In his fullness of gratitude he cries:

"I have nought to fear—the darkness is the shadow
of Thy wing,
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here can come no
evil thing.
Oh, I seem to stand trembling where foot of mortal
ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land which
eye hath never seen.
In a purer clime my being fills with rapture; waves
of thought
Roll in upon my spirit; strains sublime break over
me unsought."

Then swells the refrain, "I am the resurrection and the life." I live! I live! The life that is I is God! I am from the beginning, and knew it not! I am unto the end, and knew it not! "The desert blossoms as the rose." "The wilderness and the solitary places are glad." The way I came is a way of triumph. I came, I wrought the works of Him that sent me, I go to my Father's house of many mansions. No tomb so strong, no stone so great, no wounds so deep, no Time so long, but over all and through all and in all I now see the Spirit of all,—God! And God is Love. L. G. W.

'Tis the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.
—*Wordsworth.*

UNITARIAN HYMN

When faith was lost, when my poor bark was driving
'Mid aimless doubts on thought's tempestuous sea,
I yet could say, in all my hopeless striving,
"I know thee not; but I am known of thee."

In blacker storms of earthly sin and passion,
One ray of light amid the darkness shone,
That, when thou, Lord, this soul of mine didst fashion,
Its depths of weakness all to thee were known.

And when thy peace is in my heart descending,
When the dear Father's face again I see,
The same great thought with every joy is blending,—
"I know thee now; for I am known of thee."

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE CALL OF DUTY

JAMES MARTINEAU

Every man, in proportion as he is a true son of the Highest, feels that he *cannot* stand by, seeing misery and guilt within his reach, and say, "It is no concern of mine"; he knows himself responsible for all the wrong *he might prevent,* as well as for all he may *positively do.* Obligation cannot, from its nature, exhaust itself, and come to an end; writing its "Finis," shutting itself up, and standing thenceforth compact and unsuggestive on the shelf. It has no measure but possibility itself, and thus lies ever open for fresh lines of thought and love. Whosoever has received of heaven the suggestion of some practicable deed of goodness or sacrifice or mercy, bears a burden which he never can lay down, and which will be asked at his hands when he knocks at the everlasting gate. It is the only trust committed to him; and how is he straitened till it can be accomplished! Thus do the special evils of the guilty world make room enough for the special fidelity of saintly minds, and the vast amount of neglected obligations swell the work of faithful men.

MODERN VIEWS OF CRIME

REV. CHARLES F. DOLE

Of the First Congregational Society, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Many persons are hardly aware that almost a new science is at hand for the treatment of crime. Our customary system of punishments, inherited from ages of barbarism, and founded in the idea of revenge, has become completely discredited; it leaves unfortunate men and women worse and more dangerous than they were before Society took them in hand; it is cruel in its negligence toward the men whom it arbitrarily discharges from its jails and State prisons. The new spirit and methods dictated by a wise humanity have hardly yet penetrated the walls of hoary custom and prejudice, and especially the stiff conservatism of the legal profession, the usages of court practice, and the caution of legislatures.

Whereas the old purpose was to inflict so much penalty for so much offense (a measure which no human judgment could fairly determine) and thus to intimidate offenders; whereas all crime was considered a matter of personal blame, and the evil doer, as having fallen into a pariah class apart from the rest of his fellows, we set forth the fact that crime is a kind of moral disease; it has its roots in ancestral traits of passion and weakness, physical and mental; it is complicated with ill-conditioned homes, with drunkenness, with vicious early surroundings, with illiteracy and miseducation. Crime is a misfortune as truly as it is a fault; it does not come so much from excess of energy in its victim, as from lack of mentality and manly self-control. Though we dread it, as we dread disease, we pity its victim, as we pity any victim or sufferer. We see in ourselves the same passions and appetites which constitute the common moral perils of all men.

We propose therefore to attack the conditions, such as the liquor saloon and the crowded slums,

which make and provoke crime. We propose to give people, and especially children, the opportunities for wholesome and tonic recreation; we will replace the saloons with Civic Centers, and will open the schoolhouses for evening use with lectures and music and social clubs. We will take our jails out of the party politics of County rings and put them under the control of the State. We will turn prisons into appropriate hospitals, specialized as hospitals must be for the treatment of different classes of inmates. We will attach farms and industrial schools to these moral hospitals. Few of them will need grated windows. We will alter the whole scheme of penal law, and of court practice, with regard no longer to precedents, but to common sense and humanity. We will protect society, as it is not now protected, with a firmer and kinder hand. We will not think of taking back to society after short sentences professional burglars, or the victims of untamed passions, unchanged in purpose and free to work further evil. We will require the cure of crime, as hospitals require the cure of small-pox. To this end we will stop choosing wardens and their assistants for political service, and will develop a new profession, like that of hospital stewards, trained to treat and cure all kinds of criminal habits, and to distinguish between the perilous chronic cases, and the almost accidental sort, into which the inexperienced victim was tripped.

Our hard entrance into the world, our miserable going out of it, our sicknesses, disturbances, and sad encounters in it, do clamorously tell us we come not into the world to run a race of delight, but to perform the sober acts and serious purposes of man; which to omit were foully to miscarry in the advantage of humanity.

Sir Thomas Browne.

THE SEEMING AND THE REAL

REV. ARTHUR MAXSON SMITH, PH. D.

Of the First Unitarian Church, Berkeley, Cal.

The real touches us on every side,—the sunshine, provident skies, the earth replete with the materials we really need, the measured passing of time never varying the reality of its steady progress for life or death, the unvarying, inexorable laws that organize and mechanize the whole universe of matter. Let a man set himself against the material universe, disregard it as unreal, he is whirled away into oblivion as a grain of sand in a desert storm. Here is the real, the permanent, the origin, the alpha and omega of reality, this solid earth on which we subsist, itself but one small element in the vast, ponderous, heaving universe of stuff, so extensive that man's imagination staggers in the attempt to comprehend. And now we are very sure that it is useless to imagine, to speculate, to ask questions, seeking for any other real. From the earth we spring, and some day, at the bidding of an inexorable and unvarying Fate, we shall return to the earth that gave us birth and has sustained us, every atom of us turning again to dust of the earth. This is real, all else is seeming. But we have no sooner said this and placed our feet on the solid rocks of the scientific realities of nature, than we find them crumbling to sand, shifting away. leaving no place in all this real universe for the realities of the spirit until we find God and rest us in Him. And those realities of the spirit—how they infinitely outweigh all the star dust and suns and planets of God's World! These are real at all only because they have some meaning for the spirit of man,—the spirit that perceives and questions and answers, only to question and answer again; the spirit that tries to pierce the shadowy vail of materiality to find the reality beyond, fails but ever tries again. For only meanings, significances are finally real to man's mind, and all the whirling

machinery of the universe is seeming, appearing,—means, not end, in the restless and unceasing search of the mind for that which gives reality of meaning to life.

THE DESTINY OF MAN

JOHN FISKE

Along with the diminution of warfare, and by the time warfare has not merely ceased from the earth but has come to be the dimly remembered phantom of a remote past, the development of the sympathetic side of human nature will doubtless become prodigious. The manifestation of selfish and hateful feelings will be more and more sternly repressed by public opinion, and such feelings will become weakened by disuse, while the sympathetic feelings will increase in strength as the sphere for their exercise is enlarged. And thus at length we see what human progress means. It means throwing off the brute-inheritance,—gradually throwing it off through ages of struggle that are by and by to make struggle needless. Man is slowly passing from a primitive social state in which he was little better than a brute, toward an ultimate social state in which his character shall have become so transformed that nothing of the brute can be detected in it. The ape and the tiger in human nature will become extinct. Theology has had much to say about original sin. This original sin is neither more nor less than the brute-inheritance which every man carries with him, and the process of evolution is an advance toward true salvation. Fresh value is thus added to human life. The modern prophet, employing the methods of science, may again proclaim that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Work ye, therefore, early and late, to prepare its coming.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS FOR MAY, 1914

May 1, Acts, xvi, Paul and Silas in prison.
May 2, Acts, xvii, 16-34, Paul at Athens.
May 4, Acts, xviii, 1-23, Paul works and preaches.
May 5, Acts, xxi, 27—xxii, 29, Paul's arrest and defence.
May 6, Acts, xxii, 30—xxiii, Paul's trial.
May 7, Acts, xxv, 13-27, Paul appeals to Caesar.
May 8, Acts, xxvi, Paul before Agrippa.
May 9, Acts, xxvii—xxviii, 30-32, Paul's voyage to Rome.
May 11, Esther, i, Story of Esther.
May 12, Esther, ii, Story of Esther.
May 13, Esther, iii, Story of Esther.
May 14, Esther, iv, Story of Esther.
May 15, Esther, v, Story of Esther.
May 16, Esther, vi, Story of Esther.
May 18, Esther, vii, Story of Esther.
May 19, Esther, viii, Story of Esther.
May 20, Esther, ix, x, Story of Esther.
May 21, Job, i, ii, Prologue to the poem.
May 22, Job, iv, v, Speech of Eliphaz.
May 23, Job, ix, Zophar's speech.
May 25, Job, xxviii, Job speaks.
May 26, Job, xxix, Job speaks.
May 27, Job, xxxvii, 14-24, Elihu's speech.
May 28, Job, xxxviii, Jehovah speaks.
May 29, Job, xxxix, Jehovah speaks.
May 30, Joshua, i, (Memorial Day), Patriotism.

The annual meeting of the Boston Federation of Young People's Religious Unions will be held in the First Parish Church, Eliot Square, Roxbury, on Sunday, April 26th. The business meeting is at 4 o'clock. The 7 o'clock meeting is open to the public, and all are most cordially invited to attend. Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus, Harvard University, will speak on "Universal Religion." This subject should be of vital interest to all liberal Christians.

Rev. Clarence J. Harris is having in Oklahoma City a great contest with the Orthodox ministers of the city. The Evangelical Ministerial Alliance recently chose one of its members to attack Mr. Harris and Unitarianism. The consequence is immense audiences and large accessions to the Unitarian congregation.

A matter of dramatic interest in our body is the removal of the Rev. Charles F. Potter, late of the Baptist church at Mattapan, to take charge of the newly organized Unitarian church in Edmonton, Alberta. Mr. Potter, with his small family, moved thither in February, where he found arrangements made for his reception and a great enthusiasm for the cause. The Unitarian church will be located near the university, and already a number of the professors and students have joined the society, while the Mayor of the city is its president. Mr. Potter is a young man of great promise, having been for years familiar with Unitarian thought and usage.

On the 26th of March Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, Secretary of the Association, left headquarters for a visit to the churches in Virginia. In this great state where only one church has been located for many years there are now five organizations, with a prospect of new societies in the not distant future. A reception will be tendered the Virginia ministers at Richmond, when matters relating to the entire group of churches will be considered.

Owing to the resignation from the Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association of the Rev. Wilson M. Backus of Minneapolis and the death of the Hon. Calvin M. Woodward of St. Louis, Rev. Fred V. Hawley of Chicago and Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon of Indianapolis have been unan-

imously elected to fill the vacancies. In both instances the Board is to be congratulated by the membership of two loyal Unitarians who have for many years shown great interest in the organized life of our churches.

Rev. James C. Duncan of Clinton terminated his engagement at Houston, where he spent five weeks as Billings Lecturer and organizer of the new Unitarian Society of that city. Immediately upon his return Rev. William Channing Brown entered upon the work, with the purpose of securing an available permanent minister at the earliest possible date.

It was very pleasant to greet during the early part of March the Rev. J. T. Sunderland, D. D., who returned from a most profitable missionary trip around the world. Dr. Sunderland will be present at the May Meetings and make several addresses, setting forth the purpose of his pilgrimage and the great opportunities for the extension of liberal religious influence which he has discovered.

The Commission appointed to make a thorough investigation of the membership and methods of the American Unitarian Association has performed its great task, the results of which will be embodied in a printed pamphlet to be distributed among the churches and the members of the Association. This report will be presented at the May Meetings, and will involve matters of great interest to all who desire the greatest possible efficiency on the part of our national body.

The UNITARIAN CALENDAR is published monthly, except July and August, by the American Unitarian Association, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Annual subscription, 25 cents.

THE PRIEST

A TALE OF MODERNISM

By the Author of
Letters to His Holiness Pope Pius X.*

Modernism is not so much an inquiry of the intellect as a crisis of the conscience; less a debate of the schools than a problem of conduct attended with tremendous spiritual consequences. "Dare I follow the new light? Am I brave enough to withstand creeds and hierarchies? Have I the heroism to join that company of outcasts who in every age have sacrificed even life's dearest affections at the behest of Truth's austere Ideal?" Across such questions lies the shadow of tragedy, and today a host of suffering souls in and out of Roman Catholicism are asking them in agony. We should know of these silent sorrows, these trials that are of life and death, for they exist all around us, at once the saddest and most glorious experiences of these days of tremendous transition.

Contrary to a popular impression this second edition is identical with the first, and is positively

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